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VI. *An Account of a Stone taken out of a Horse,
at Boston in New England, in the Year 1724.
By the Honourable Paul Dudley, Esq; F. R. S.*

THE Owner of the Horse never perceived that he ail'd any thing, till within a few Days before he dyed, and then suspected that he might be troubled with the Gravel or Stone, by the great Pain the Horse seem'd to be in, when he staid or dung'd; for he would groan and sweat prodigiously. Upon which he got a Farrier, who applied something to break the Stone; but in a very short time the Horse dyed; and the Farrier, being somewhat curious, was resolv'd to open him, and in the great Paunch, found a Stone of five Pounds and an half Weight, almost as round as a Globe; for it measured seventeen Inches round one way, and seventeen Inches and three quarters the other. The Grit was like your *New-Castle* Grindstone; but was worn smooth in the Horse's Stomach, the Colour somewhat like that of a Nutmeg, but more of the ordinary Millstone. I could not perswade the Owner to break it; but by the lightness of it, considering its Bulk, I am apt to think it might be porous within. How long this Stone was generating, or what produced it, is altogether uncertain. The Owner of it was a common Carter to a Grist-Mill; and some have thought that the Horse might either in his Provender out of the Mill or by licking of Mill-Stones that sometimes stand up by the side of the Mill get the first Seed of this Stone into his Stomach. The Weight of the Stone at length made a Fracture in the Paunch,

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which

which proved his Death : For before the Breach, and while the Stone roll'd in his Stomach, he was very well.

The largest Stone found in any Animal that the *Philosophical Transactions* give an account of, weighed but four Pounds, four Ounces.

VII. *An Account of a Polypus cough'd up from the Windpipe ; in a Letter from the Ingenious Dr. Samber, Physician at Salisbury, to Dr. Jurin, Secr. R. S.*

THE 15th of last *December* at 10 at Night, I was sent for to one Mr. *Tompson*, an Officer of the Excise in this Town, who was taken with so violent a Flux of Blood, that in a short space of time he lost near three pounds of Blood, as near as we could judge : By the time I came, it was pretty well over ; only he seem'd to have something, when he cough'd, that stuck in the Passage, which he could not get up, and by its rattling I thought it very loose. I order'd what I thought proper in such a case, and left him : Next Morning they told me, that half an hour after I was gone, he had cough'd up what they shew'd me on a Sheet of Paper, which Mr *Gifford* the Apothecary (a very honest Man, and very ingenious in his Business) had desir'd them to keep till I came. Upon putting it into Water, I found it a *Polypus* ; and, as I think, a very remarkable one. I here send you a draught of it *Fig. 3.* exactly done by a Painter since dead. I could find by my Blow-pipe, that it was hollow ; but its being torn off with such violence, has made so many